THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"Blessed is he who readeth."

WHENEVER I reflect upon my habitual attachment to books, I feel a new glow of gratitude towards that Power, who gave me a mind, thus disposed, and to those liberal friends, who have allowed the utmost. lat ude of indulgence to my prope sity. Had I been born on a barbarous shore, denied the g rious privileges of education, and interdicted an approach to the rich provinces of Literature, I should have been the most miserable of mankind. With a temperament of sensibility, with the nerves of a valetudinarean, with an ardent thirst for knowledge, and very scanty means for its acquisition, with a mind often clouded with care, and depressed by dejection, I should have resembled the shrinking vegetable of irritableness, and, like the mimosa of the gardens, doomed to be at once stupid and sensitive. The courses of Nature and Fortune having taken a different direction, Parental Benignity having furnished me with the Keys, and Discipline and Habit having conducted me through the Portico of Education, I have ever found, whether walking in the Vestibul of Science, or meditating in the Groves of Philophy, or hearkening to historians and poets, or rambling with Rabelais, such excellent companions, that Life has been beguiled of more than half its irksomeness. In sickness, in sorrow, in the most doleful days of deject on, or in the most gloomy seasons in the calendar, study is the sweetest solace and the surest refuge, particularly when my reading is directed to that immortal book, whence the theme of this essay is taken. In an hour of adversity, when I have

caught up this precious volume, I have found, instantly, the balm of Gilead and the medicine for the mind. The darkness of Despair has been succeeded by the brightest rays of Cheerfulness, and in place of grim phantoms, I have found Comfort, Peace, and Serenity.

I hope that this style of speaking occasionally in the first person will be forgiven, even by the most fastidious reader, when he adverts to the custom of my predecessours. A periodical writer can hardly avoid this sort of egotism, and it is surely very harmless, when its employer muffles himself in the mantle of concealment, and in the guise, whether of a shrewd *Spectator* or a simple *Lay Preacher*, walks, unobtrusively, abroad. Mr. ADDISON and Monsieur MONTAIGNE perpetually indulge this habit; and, on a very careful inspection of many editions of their essays, I have always found, by certain infallible marks, that those speculations had been most diligently perused, which abound in little sketches of the manners, humours, and habits of their authour. We are naturally curious thus to peep through the keyhole of a study, to see a writer in his elbow-chair, and to listen to his story with the fondness and familiarity of friendship. Anonymous authours have a prescription from Parnassus to paint themselves; and when by a Tatler, a Spectator, or a Connoisseur nothing but good colours and modest tinting is employed, men look with mingled curiosity and complacency at the picture. In a speculation on the blessings, derived from a studious temper, if a miniature of a lover of books is introduced, provided it be a tolerable resemblance, and viewed in a proper light, it will, by an easy association, lead the observer to reflect more intensely upon the value of literature.

The utility and delight of a taste for books are as demonstrable as any axiom of the severest Science. The most prosperous fortune is often harrassed by various vexations. The sturdiest son of Strength is sometimes the victim of Disease. Melancholy will sometimes involve the merriest in her shade, and the fairest month of the year will have its cloudy days. In these dreary seasons, from which no man may hope to escape, sensual delights will not fill scarcely a nook in the gloomy void of the troubled time. Brief as the lightning in the collied night, this sort of pleasure may flash before the giddy eyes, but then merely for a moment, and the twinkling radiance is still surrounded with the murkiest gloom. Eating, drinking, and sleeping; the song and the dance, the tabret and viol, the hurry of dissipation, the agitation of play, these resources, however husbanded, are inadequate to the claims of life. On the other hand, the studious and contemplative man has always a scheme of wisdom by which he can either endure or forget the sorrows of the heaviest day. Though he may be cursed with care, yet he is surely blessed when he readeth. Study is the *dulce lenimen laborum* of the Sabine bard. It is Sorrow's sweet assuager. By the aid of a book, he can transport himself to the vale of Tempe, or the gardens of Armida. He may visit Pliny at his villa, or Pope at Twickenham. He may meet Plato on the banks of Illysus, or Petrarch among the groves of Avignon. He may make philosophical experiments with

Bacon, or enjoy the eloquence of Bolingbroke. He may *speculate* with Addison, moralize with Johnson, read tragedies and comedies with Shakspeare, and be raptured by the rhetorick of Burke.

In many of the old romances, we are gravely informed, that the unfortunate knight in the dungeon of some giant, or fascinated by some witch or enchanter, while he sees nothing but hideousness and horrour before him, if haply a fairy, or some other benignant being, impart a talisman of wonderous virtue, on a sudden our disconsolate prisoner finds himself in a magnificent palace, or a beautiful garden, in the bower of Beauty, or in the arms of Love. This wild fable, which abounds in the legends of knight-errantry, has always appeared to me very finely to shadow out the enchantment of study. A book produces a delightful abstraction from the cares and sorrows of this world. They may press upon us, but when we are engrossed by study we do not very acutely feel them. Nay, by the magick illusion of a fascinating authour we are transported from the couch of Anguish, or the gripe of Indigence to Milton's Paradise or the Elysium of Virgil.

For The Port Folio.

A TREATISE ON ORIENTAL POETRY.

(*Continued from page* 44.)

The descriptions in the Shahnamah are always varied and perfectly well followed up, above all, those of battles which are as numerous as in the Iliad. Those of a more agreeable nature as of Gardens, Banquets, Thrones Palaces, Love, and Beauties, are no less admirable, and are painted by Ferdusi with all the richness and pride of the Oriental Imagination. He often writes:

Ke deri bustanech hemicheh gulest
Teminech por ez lalih u sumbul est
Huva Khoshcuvar u zemim por negâr
Ne Kerm u ne serd u hemicheh behâr
Nevazende bulbul bebag enderune
Kezarende ahu berag enderune.

"A garden, in which the rose perpetually flourishes, whose borders are filled with Tulips and Hyacinths: where the air is mild, the walks superbly ornamented: where one neither experiences immoderate heat, nor excessive cold; but where a perpetual spring reigns; where the Nightingales incessantly warble among the branches of trees evergreen: where the antelopes play on the hillocks."

The descriptions of the morning are very animated in this poem, and decorated with the greatest variety of shades.

When glorious day his shining splendour shewed,
And shaded Earth with Pearls and Rubies strewed,
When Sol displayed his gilded rays again,
And scattered Camphor o'er the musky plain.

That is to say, spreads light upon the obscurity of the plains, for the Oriental Poets often make an allusion to the two opposed colours, by Camphor and Musk.

We will here add a description of a more majectick kind, taken also from the Shahnamah, and which will give an idea of the Persian similies.

Nekei kerd Barzev ber an deh suvár
Tchu achefte chiri ez beher checár
Bezed dest nepuchid derai bezér
Meianra be bestech bezirin kemér
Yeki Khodi fumi beser ber nehád
Seri terkechi tiri ra ber keshad
Bebare ber afkhendu ber Kestuván
Yeki bari manendi kuhi revan
Ze keihali nize ze almasi tigue
Bebarē ber amed chu berende migue
Tu kufti sepher est ya ruzi u tab
U ya der beharan yeki rudi ab
Derakhtrest kufti ez âhen bebár
Keshade du bazu chu shakhi tchenar.

"Barzev regarded the ten warriours who advanced; he was like a Lion wandering in search of his prey. He immediately clothed himself with his coat of mail,

and girded his loins with a belt of gold.—He placed upon his head a Turkish casque, and filled his quiver with arrows. Now he remained suspended to the trappings of his courser, and immediately he was fixed firm and upright in his saddle like a moving mountain. When, with his long javelin, and his sabre sparkling like the diamond, he advanced even as a cloud, which arises, one might have said, it is the firmament which shines, or it is the day which glitters, or it is a river which runs in the spring. When he stretched forth his two arms like the branches of the Plane tree, one might have cried, it is a tree laden with steel."

We also find in Ferdusi, very tender descriptions, and as beautiful as affecting, as that of Frankis the daughter of Afrasiab, when she discovers the conspiracy which had been planned against her beloved Siavechi.

"She tore the Hyacinths of her hair with an inexpressible grief, and bruised her tender bosom in her despair. She scattered the musk of her tresses upon the ivory hill of her beautiful breast, and bathed the Tulips of her cheeks with the streams which ran from her eyes. Her tears gushed out like a fountain when she thought upon the cruel design of Afrasiab."

With regard to the expressions and numbers of this poem, it is evident that their beauties can only be felt by those, who understand the original. We will then only remark, that they are bold and animated, throughout the whole work, and in some passages elevated and sublime in the highest degree.

The Persian poet resembles Homer in some other peculiarities, as in the frequent repetition of the same lines and the same epithets. The light-footed Achilles and Agamemnon, the King of men, are not more frequently found in the Iliad, than the Lion-hearted Rustem, and Caikosrev, the King of the world, in the Shahnamah.

There are many other poems of Ferdusi, as the amours of Chosrev and Chirine: the death of Rustem; the life of Beharan; the reign of Anouchirvan; the conquests of Iscander; which works are written with all the fire of an Eastern imagination, and all the harmony of the Persian numbers.

SECTION III.

Of their Love Poetry and Odes.

We have now come to that kind of Poetry in which the Asiaticks principally excel. Love has so great a share in the Arabian Poems, that upon whatever subject they may be, they are always interspersed with the complaints of lovers and the descriptions of beloved beauties.

The Arabian nation divides its time between warlike expeditions, and the mild occupations of the pastoral life. They transport their tents from place to place: and when the camels and other beasts have consumed the pasture of one situation they leave it to return thither when the grass shall again have grown up. In this species of encampment the tribes which find themselves near each other, familiarly exchange intercourse, and the youth of both sexes form attachments, which are, for the most part, unfortunate, the change of residence and the difference of principle causing perpetual separations.

Hence proceed the Arabian poems beginning almost always with the complaints of a lover upon the departure of his mistress; his friends are represented in them as endeavouring to console him, but he refuses all consolation; he describes the beauty of his dear Maia, or Solima, or Zeine, or Azza; he announces the design which he has to go and see her in the new dwelling place of her tribe, should he find the passages defended by Lions or guarded by watchful Archers. Then he introduces the description of his Camel or Horse, and comes by degrees to his principal subject. We will find few Arabian Poems without this species of exordium, whether they have, as an object, the military virtues, or grief, praise, or censure, or, in fine, love alone. The seven poems which were written in letters of gold and preserved in the Temple of Mecca, are in this style.* The authour of the

* These seven Poems clearly transcribed with explanatory notes, are among Pocock's manuscripts at Oxford, No. 164.

first of the seven, was a young Arabian Prince named Ameriolkeis, who was no less celebrated by the fire and fertility of his imagination, than by the misfortunes with which his life was interwoven. He begins thus:

Kiffa nebki mi 'dhirai habibi wamenzili
Besikti 'llawi beiná ddahuli fahoumeli.

"Stay; let us give some tears to the remembrance of the dwelling place of our beloved, in the sandy valleys which are between Dahul and Houmel."

He afterwards regrets the tents he has left, and is afflicted with the absence of his lover. His companions strive to allay his grief in relating to him an unlucky accident, which had formerly separated him from beloved objects; he replies:

"My grief was then not less than at present: for, when those whom I loved were on the eve of their departure, when their sighs embalmed the air with the sweet breath of musk, like the Zephyrs of the evening which bring the odour of Pinks, agitated by the most ardent passion, my eyes o'erflowed with tears; they trickled down my neck, and bathed my girdle in their course."

His friends finding that they had not taken the right method to dissipate his grief made use of another.—They exhorted him to remember the happy days which he had passed with his beloved, and told him, he ought to expect some portion of pain after so much felicity. This discourse gives him occasion to relate the adventures of his youth, among which he gives the following recital with all the richness and harmony of the Arabian language.

"I loved a beautiful maiden, who was held secretly confined in a deep retreat: nevertheless I enjoyed her charms without fear.
I flew to her through a crowd of guards, ardent to tear my life from me.
When the Pleiades shone in the Firmament like the borders of a blue Garment enriched with gold, I entered her apartment; I found her upon her bed, where she reposed, despoiled of her robes, and having nothing on but the cloak in which she slept.
She said to me, Ah! do not deceive me! do not entice me into the path way of errour!
I arose; I carried her away with me, and she effaced the traces of our steps with the train of her superb robe.
And when we had passed beyond the habitation of the tribes, she stopped at the shelter of a winding hill.
I drew her softly towards me by her lovely tresses and she fell upon my breast; nothing could equal the beauty of her slender figure; her breast was as smooth as a polished mirror.
She turned towards me her charming countenance, and discovered to me her beautiful cheeks; she looked around her with the soft affright of a Hind alarmed for her young Fauns.
Her neck was like that of an Antelope, white, strait, and adorned with precious ornaments.
Her hair, which flowed upon her shoulders, was black as jet, and entwined like the branches of a palm tree. The ringlets of this elegant hair had a thousand various forms, some were skilfully tied, others agreeably scattered.
Her waist was like a fine cord, and her leg like the stem of the Palm tree, moistened with the rain.
The odour of musk was spread upon the bed which she composed, and she slept until the morning, wrapped up in her cloak of soft texture.
She distributed her gifts with her fingers charming and slender as the crimson worms of the sandy hill, or as the stalk of the tree Echel.
Her beauty dispersed the shades of the night, like the light of the lamp of the Dervis retired into his cell.
The most chaste of men would certainly have been inflamed with love at the sight of so rare a beauty, in the age of pleasure, and with a robe of such grandeur.
And whose face resembled the egg of an Ostrich preserved in a clear brook, which the traveller has not disturbed by the impression of his steps.
The insensible, alone, defend their hearts against Love, mine will never alienate itself from the charms of my beloved."

Among the other descriptions of this Poem, those of the authour's passage across the Desert, of his horse,

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The names of the seven poets are Amralkeis, Tarafa, Zoheir, Lebid, Antara, Amru, and Hareth. In the same collection, No. 174, there is a manuscript containing above forty other poems, which had the honour of being suspended in the temple of Mecca: this volume is an inestimable treasure of ancient Arabick Literature.

of his hunting, and of a storm, are admirable. This work of Amriolkeis furnishes a perfect model of the Arabian Eclogue, as indeed this is the name that we may properly give to this kind of poems.

(*To be continued.*)

For The Port Folio.

LAW REPORT.

Philad. County, Com. Pleas, Jan. 11, 1808.

Day v. Jarvis. } Action on the case to Sept. term, 1805. Plff. declares for goods sold and quantum valebant.

A Jury being called and duly impannelled, the Plaintiff's counsel proceeded to open his case.

It appeared that the parties were both printsellers; the plaintiff residing in Philadelphia, the defendant in New-York: that in ———, the plaintiff having published a large number of engravings of President "*Jefferson*" proposed an exchange with the defendant, for Heath's engravings of "*Washington:*" that the "*Jeffersons*" were INTENDED TO MATCH the "*Washingtons!*" and the subscription for each was the same, $5 25 a piece; with a customary allowance of 25 *per cent.* to the trade: that the defendant, consenting to the exchange, the plaintiff had in good faith sent him 50 "*Jeffersons,*" expecting to receive 50 "*Washingtons*" in return; that some time having elapsed, and the "*Washingtons*" not arriving, the plaintiff pressed the defendant to perform his contract: but Jarvis replied, that it was unreasonable to require it; for that "*Jefferson*" himself had already lost so much of his popularity, and was sinking so rapidly, that his likenesses (*which, of course, were depreciated with the original*), had already fallen to almost nothing; and, as there was no chance of HIS ever being re-elected, there was no probability of THEIR ever rising: that the "*Washingtons,*" on the contrary, were always saleable, and never fluctuated in value, *but were likely to rise in publick estimation;* and satisfying himself with this excuse for the breach of his contract, he obstinately persisted in refusing to give more than 25 "*Washingtons,*" for the 50 "*Jeffersons:*" that the 25 "*Washingtons*" had been received; and this action was brought for the value of the remaining 25 "*Jeffersons,*" agreeably to the terms of the contract.

The defendant's counsel denied the contract set up on the other side, although he admitted the receipt of the 50 "*Jeffersons.*" He lamented that the absence of his client prevented him from fully demonstrating the injustice and extravagance of this pretended contract, by proving that, whatever the artist might have intended, the "*Jeffersons*" never were *considered matches* for the "*Washingtons,*" by persons of the least taste or judgment: that although a few of the "*Jeffersons*" were put off, at the subscription price, *soon after publication*, and had a tolerably brisk sale, the moment they were submitted to the test of criticism, and were compared with the "*Washingtons,*" they were condemned by the unbiassed judgment of the publick, and fell, as he was able to prove by a deposition, which he held in his hand (but which being *ex parte*, he was not permitted to read) to 12 and 13 cents a-piece, by wholesale, and at that price were a dull article; and that to him it appeared monstrous that when he plaintiff had found a ready sale; and received a full price for the 25 "WASHINGTONS," exceeding the value of all the "JEFFERSONS that were ever turned from his plate, he should at this time come forward, and demand the same price for his "*Jeffersons,*" which began to depreciate before they were dry from the press, and were now of less value than waste paper.

The plaintiff's counsel insisted *totis viribus* upon his contract. He did not pretend to deny the terrible depreciation of the "*Jeffersons*" but his

client was a Printseller, and did not mean to speculate upon the continuance of the popularity of his PRINT or its LIKENESS: his object was, to turn the one to good account, while the other was in publick favour, and if the defendant had made a bad bargain, he had himself alone to blame for it.

It appeared in the course of the evidence, that the plaintiff had offered to receive "HAMILTONS," in lieu of the "WASHINGTONS," but the defendant declined giving either of them, for the "JEFFERSONS," alleging that the "HAMILTONS," like the "WASHINGTONS," were of increasing value, and daily rising in publick estimation.

The judge charged the jury, that all they had to look to, was the contract between the parties, which was fully proved: that they had nothing to do with the relative value of the prints, however proper it might have been for the consideration of the parties when they contracted; and that the rapid depreciation of the "JEFFERSONS," since the contract, the only defence set up, amounted to no justification of the breach of it.

Verdict for the plaintiff. Damages $118, 12.

For The Port Folio.

MEMOIRS OF ANACREON.

CHAP. VII.

Continued from page 28.

We returned to the city, and refreshed ourselves in a bath; after which we dined together. Anthes, whether from mortification or reflection, I know not, had lost all his gayety. The Poet endeavoured to rouse him from the lethargy into which he seemed to have fallen, by a song, which he gave us, accompanied by his harp:

Awake to life, my dulcet shell,
To Phœbus all thy sighs shall swell;*
And though no glorious prize be thine,
No Pythian wreath around thee twine,
Yet every hour is glory's hour
To him who gathers wisdom's flower!
Then wake thee from thy magick slumbers,
Breathe to the soft and Phrygian numbers,
Which, as my trembling lips repeat,
Thy chords shall echo back as sweet.
The cygnet thus, with fading notes,
As down Cäyster's stream he floats,
Plays with his snowy plumage fair
Upon the wanton murmuring air,
Which amorously lingers round,
And sighs responsive sound for sound!
Muse of the Lyre! illume my dream,
Thy Phœbus is my fancy's theme;
And hallowed is the harp I bear,
And hallowed is the wreath I wear,
Hallowed by him, the god of lays,
Who modulates the choral maze!
I sing the love which Daphne twined
Around the godhead's yielding mind;
I sing the blushing Daphne's flight
From this ethereal youth of light;
And how the tender, timid maid
Flew panting to the kindly shade,
Resigned a form too tempting fair,
And grew a verdant laurel there,
Whose leaves, with sympathetick thrill,
In terrour seemed to tremble still!
The god pursued with winged desire,
And when his hopes were all on fire,
And when he thought to hear the sigh,
With which enamoured virgins die,
He only heard the pensive air
Whispering amid her leafy hair!
But, oh my soul! no more—no more!
Enthusiast, whither do I soar?
This sweetly maddening dream of soul
Has hurried me beyond the goal.
Why should I sing the mighty darts
Which fly to wound celestial hearts,
When sure the lay, with sweeter tone,
Can tell the darts that wound my own?
Still be Anacreon, still inspire
The descant of the Teian lyre:
Still let the nectared numbers float,
Distilling love in every note!
And when the youth, whose burning soul
Has felt the Paphian star's control,
When he the liquid lays shall hear,

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* This hymn to Apollo is supposed not to have been written by Anacreon, and it certainly is rather a sublimer flight than the Teian wing is accustomed to soar. But we ought not to judge from this diversity of style, in a poet of whom time has preserved such partial relicks. If we knew Horace but as a satyrist, should we easily believe there could dwell such animation in his lyre? Suidas says that our poet wrote hymns, and this perhaps is one of them. We can perceive in what an altered and imperfect state his works are at present, when we find a scholiast upon Horace citing an ode from the third book of Anacreon. M.

His heart will flutter to his ear,
And drinking there of song divine,
Banquet on intellectual wine!

By this means, Anacreon gradually relaxed the severity of his brow, and taught him the happy art of relieving the labours of the closet, by the joys of musick and wine.

After the expiration of a few days, when I went again to visit Myrilla, I learnt, from a slave, that she was extremely ill. The grief into which I was plunged by this intelligence, was inexpressibly great. What anguish tore my bosom, when I reflected, that those eyes might never regain their lustre! how my veins throbbed, when I ventured to hope that I might again behold her smile! I repaired to my favourite bower on the banks of Ilyssus, and the powers of love and fancy there combined to produce an ode to the goddess who presides over the health of mortals, the ever youthful daughter of Esculapius:

THE INVOCATION.

Hygeia, rosy dimpled maid,
Come—I claim thy healing aid,
And bring thy mild enchanting smile;
Oh, quickly come, our grief beguile.
Lo! on the bed of fell disease,
Myrilla, formed all hearts to please,
Is racked by vile and vexing pains,
Oh! come, I woo thee in my strains;
Restore her eyes their humid blue;
Give to her cheeks their wonted hue;
Reanimate her form divine,
And let her smiles with lustre shine;
Revive again her cheerful voice,
And we, who mourn, shall soon rejoice.
Oh! hasten nymph, and with thee bring
All the joys that from thee spring.

Lo! here I linger by this stream,
Musing o'er hope's delusive dream,
Here I waste my mournful days,
While around the soft breeze plays,
I strive to sooth my troubled mind,
But I, alas! no peace can find.

Here Myrilla oft did stray,
By the moon-light's pallid ray:
And as we marked the setting beam
Playing on the placid stream,
While Hope essayed my heart to cheer
With words of love I won her ear.
But now no more I love the scene,
For here no more the maid is seen;
In vain I seek the well-known shade,
And hopeless wander through the glade.

Then grant, Oh nymph of healing pow'r,
Thy aid to cheer the gloomy hour,
This boon thou'lt surely not refuse,
When courted by a youthful muse.
A votive wreath of flowers I bring,
To thee I strike the plausive string:
Through every clime, o'er every main,
Thy name shall echo in my strain.

Then come, Hygeia, dimpled maid,
Come and bring thy healing aid;
Haste, oh! nymph, and with thee bring
All the joys that from thee spring.

END OF CHAP. vii.

(*To be continued.*)

For The Port Folio.

CLASSICAL LEARNING.

(*Continued from page* 21.)

But however ridiculous reasoning appears, when injudiciously carried beyond its proper limits, it is of excellent use in its proper sphere, for eliciting the connexion of secondary truths with first principles, it is then truly the glory of man, and the distinguishing prerogative of his nature, when it knows its own place, and acts in subordination to that intuitive perception of primary truths which Nature has given us as the foundation of all science. By the judicious use of reasoning the world is freed from superstition and credulity, ancient errours have disappeared, and mankind are put in a way of discovering the laws of nature, distinguishing truth from errour, and attaining the knowledge of their duty and interest. It is sufficient that those truths which are not so clear as to carry their own evidence along with them, should be shown to have a necessary connexion with first principles, but those truths which have originally as much evidence as the clearest demonstration could confer on them, have certainly no need to be demonstrated.

Now in the writings of the ancients we meet with many bright examples of that good sense and sound judgment which does honour to human nature, and reflects disgrace on many pretended philosophers of the present age. These men, faithful to nature, readily confessed its dictates, and endeavoured to reason soundly from them. Far from the pertness of modern philosophers, they knew and lamented the defects of nature, while they did justice to its original dignity, and admired the venerable ruins of its ancient grandeur. The ancient's it is true, had their absurdities,

and their unreasonable and impertinent philosophers, as well as we. But the ruins of time have kindly relieved us from the far greatest part of them, and in those who remain, along with native good sense and cultivated taste, we discover only the errours of the times wherein they lived and those personal vices and weaknesses from which human nature in no age has been entirely exempted.

In considering the works of the ancients as models of good sense, true taste, and sound judgment, we may find occasion to wonder at the agreement we find among them, and to ask why so many different opinions on the most important subjects have prevailed among men, when we find that the original maxims of wisdom and science have so uniformly manifested themselves to the minds of men in very distant ages and countries. It is astonishing how many just notions of the Divine Being, his attributes, nature, laws and government, are to be found in their writings; enough surely to make us wonder why our modern infidels, who pretend to philosophy and good taste, should pay no regard to the many sublime truths contained in the classicks, merely because they are also to be found in the Bible.

Another benefit arising from the study of the classicks, is that they exhibit for the most part, very just notions of human nature. Being studious of beautiful and elegant composition, as well as justness of sentiment, they endeavoured to adapt their works to the feelings of men. The modern infidel philosophers suppose man to be a mere reasoning animal and therefore require a reason even for our assent to the testimony of our senses, and sometimes suppose man to be without passions altogether, whence their doctrines are absurd, and the rules they lay down for philosophizing impracticable; as it is not in our power to devest ourselves of any part of our nature. But such descriptions of human nature, as are found in the Classicks, exhibit Man as endued with senses, imagination, passions, and intuitive faculties, as well as reason, for which their works will continue to please, when those of our modern scepticks are buried in oblivion.

Whatever is unnatural, is not pleasing; and for this reason, it would be impossible to compose a work on sceptical principles, that should be agreeable to the feelings and experience of mankind. Lucretius, though a determined Epicurean, was sensible of this, and therefore, in order to make his poem pleasing and natural, was obliged to digress, into the popular belief, contrary to the principles he wanted to establish. He was sensible, that a world without a Governour, a fortuitous congeries of atoms, jumbled together by the hand of Chance, would not be a very pleasing picture to the human imagination; and that even the invocation of deities that he disbelieved, would appear a less shocking absurdity to the human understanding. Mr. Pope's Essay on Man, although it is more natural and pleasing than the work of Lucretius, in so far as it allows a Supreme Governour of the Universe, yet as it excludes a particular Providence, leaves a very gloomy impression on the mind.

The works of the poets, oratours, and historians of antiquity are addressed to the heart and imagination, as well as to the reason of men, which is the reason why they are so generally pleasing, and have obtained the approbation of so many ages. The novelty of sceptical philosophy may please some cold speculative men, who have almost lost their natural feelings, by the indulgence of intemperance, or gratify the pride of others, who desire to be distinguished from the vulgar, but it can never become pleasing to mankind in general, as it degrades human nature to a level with the brutes, and presents no object to our imagination or passions, that is in the least worthy of them.

The due cultivation of our intuitive faculties is so far from being any impediment to the exercise of reason, that it affords it the greatest assistance. Right reasoning is the act of a sound and discerning mind, that distinctly perceives the nature, properties, place, and importance of those objects, about which it is employed. That sense of order then, and that distinctness of perception, which is acquired by perusing the works of genius, employed in describing the most interesting parts of human nature, must be of the greatest use to philosophick investigation.

As all philosophick reasoning rests on certain primary truths, or first principles, which must be assumed without demonstration, in order to deduce other truths from them, the study of simple and unadulterated nature, as described in the writings of the ancients, must strengthen and exercise our intuitive capacities, and enable us to relish the study of true philosophy, which, by fair and orderly deduction, may make Truth as agreeable to our understandings, as the beauties of Nature are to our perceptive faculties.

It is likewise to be considered, that some of the Classick authours are likewise eminent philosophers. Cicero, who first treated these subjects in the Latin language, and who had made himself master of all the learning of Greece, was conversant both with the Peripatetick and Stoick Philosophy, though he unfortunately preferred the Academick to both of them. In his philosophical works, we find the most profound subjects of philosophy treated in

the form of dialogue, after the manner of Plato, which though a disadvantage in our apprehension as moderns, was yet highly agreeable to his own countrymen, who were admirers of Plato's method, and loved to see arguments adduced on either side of every question.

Grammar and Criticism, which are necessary in the study of the Classicks, are likewise very useful exercises of our faculties, and preparative to the study of Philosophy, if not themselves parts of Philosophy. A moderate skill in these arts cannot be obtained, without the exercise of a sound judgment, and their usefulness in all philosophical discussions, is very evident. When the terms of a question are improper or ambiguous, or the question inaccurately stated, disputes may arise without end, which terminate ultimately in verbal ambiguity. But to prevent these, nothing can be more proper, than just conception and proper expression, which are best learned from Grammar and Criticism.

Whatever enlarges our ideas, and increases our knowledge of human nature, must be of singular use in philosophy, which has nature in general for its object. The study of Classical Learning exercises and improves all the faculties of the human soul and not only exhibits to us the most respectable characters of antiquity, but their favourite studies, their choice thoughts, and sublime conceptions. No person of true taste can read the works of the Classicks with attention, without catching something of that spirit and elevation of sentiment, for which they have been long celebrated. Just description, natural and proper conception and expression are no less necessary in Philosophy than in Rhetorick; and of these the Classicks have been long acknowledged as the most perfect models.

Although Philosophy is no longer cultivated in the way of hypothesis, and we must trace the cause of phænomena, instead of guessing at them, as formerly, yet the knowledge of the ancients, who first turned their thoughts to these subjects, must be of the greatest service. Their parts were not inferiour to those of the moderns, and although our advantages, by lapse of time, improvement of arts, and accumulation of discoveries, are greater than theirs, yet it cannot be an unprofitable study, to retrace their inquiries, and accompany them, so far as they were able to penetrate into the nature of things, that we may be better prepared to relish more modern discoveries. Our modern pretenders to philosophy assure us, that the ancients were weak and subject to prejudices; but it is not fit that we should take this on their authority, especially as the most of them have been but little conversant in their writings. In the more masculine age of Literature, it was common, not only to read the Classick authours previous to the study of Philosophy, but to peruse the works of Aristotle and Plato, in their own language; and the Latin tongue was so familiar to students, that their lectures in Philosophy, as well as their exercises and disputes, were wholly in Latin. But as the effeminacy of modern times permits but little time, and less ease for study, than formerly, we must comply with established custom, though we cannot help regretting the want of the diligence of former times.

The knowledge of Ancient History unfolds to our view the gradual progress of knowledge, of refinement, the succession of empires, the civilization of barbarous nations, and the ruin of Greece, the mother of the Arts, by the destructive arms of Rome. The improvements and learning of Greece, would probably have been lost to the world, if she had not contrived to inspire her fierce conquerors with the love of them. *Græcia capta, &c.* But the Roman liberty was too shortlived after the destruction of that of Greece, to allow them to make any great progress in letters; and the military and restless genius of that Republick rarely afforded any pause of tranquillity, for cherishing he arts of peace. The age of Augustus was but a transient blaze, preluding to the gradual extinction of knowledge that succeeded. From the ruin of the Republick, Eloquence degenerated into Panegyrick, Philosophy into Epicurism and Atheism; and all the arts of life were directed only to the amusement of the Tyrant of the day.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow;
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

EVENING.

O soothing hour, when glowing day,
Low in the western wave declines,
And village murmurs die away,
And bright the Vesper planet shines;

I love to hear the gales of Even,
Breathing along the new-leaf'd copse,

And feel the freshening dew of Heav'n,
Fall silently in limpid drops.

For like a friend's consoling sighs,
That breeze of night, to me appears,
And, as soft dew from Pity's eyes,
Descend those pure celestial tears.

Alas! for those who long have borne,
Like me, a heart by Sorrow riven,
Who, but the plaintive winds, will mourn?
What tears will fall but those of Heav'n?

The following happy imitation of VIRGIL, we copy with alacrity, from that valuable Journal, The Repertory.

DR. PARK,

The inundation of amatory jingle, by which we are daily in danger of being drowned, would almost make one believe, that the Parnassian floodgates had pulled up, and that Cupid had tumbled in, and was hurried along by the rapid current of the water.

I have attempted an Academick Eclogue, in imitation, for the most part, of the first Pastoral of Pope; for the scene of which I have taken the College in our vicinity. As to the two principal characters; by Daniel, we are to understand a plain rustick youth; and by Dicky, one who is decking himself out in the plumage of fantastick words.

SUMMER,

AN ACADEMICK ECLOGUE.

LEVI. DANIEL. DICKY.

Soon as each class, from close confinement free,
Pour'd forth from * *Holden*, all elate with glee;
Daniel and Dick to Hollis-Hall retir'd,
Both warm'd by love and both by wine inspir'd.
Now noon-day Phœbus shone on Hollis' side;
Thus Dicky spoke, and Daniel thus reply'd.

DICKY.

Seraphick sounds! on yon sonorous sprays
Melodious locusts lift their lofty lays.
Ecstatick notes! list Daniel to the sound,
And let it on your tympanum rebound.

Why are we mute when Sol's meridian rays
Illume the plain, and locusts lift their lays?

DANIEL.

Sing then, since here, our task perform'd, we sit,
† While Peter turns his slow-revolving spit,
But Levi comes, well skill'd to judge, and he
Shall hear the contest and the prize decree.
These boots I'll stake, which, four long summers past,
Have yet the strength four summers more to last.

DICKY.

My boots I dare not stake; these boots have run
In long succession down from sire to son;
But what you'll own your proffer'd pledge transcends,
That cloak I'll stake, which from the wall depends,
Of lucid blue, before with velvet lin'd,
‡ And what is that with velvet trimm'd behind?
I hung it there, methinks, three months ago,
When brumal Boreas ceas'd his blast to blow.

LEVI.

Sing then in turns, while Echo fills the plains,
For reas'ners argue in alternate strains;
Daniel begin your lay, but briefly sing,
For soon I ween the Commons-bell will ring.

DANIEL.

Inspire me Phœbus, in my Betty's praise,
And on thine altar shall my Horace blaze,
O! let me show in sweetly sounding song,
To Betty's eyes what heav'nly charms belong.

DICKY.

Grant me O love, in softly flowing verse,
My charming Molly's graces to rehearse;
For her the prize to gain and in return
A new *Majora* to thy name shall burn.

DANIEL.

Not all the Nymphs that o'er the woodland rove
Can beauteous Betty from my thoughts remove:
When last I left her, in my trunk she laid
Two cakes divine, her lily fingers made;

---

* *Holden*—the chapel appointed to Recitations and private Lectures.

† Peter—African Professor of the Culinary Arts.

‡ The beautifuly simplicity of the shepherd in Virgil, where, forgetting the term Zodiack, he says, "*et quis fuit alter*" &c. is here elegantly exemplified by an instance of still more beautiful simplicity.

Two glitt'ring needles and four balls of yarn,
Of diff'rent dies, my sev'ral hose to darn.

DICKY.

Molly, before all other maids, I love,
Who haunt the river's bank or shady grove:
When last vacation o'er, I hither sped,
Pellucid tears the fair profusely shed;
Thus from her lips mellifluous accents fell,
"Farewell dear Dicky, ah! a long farewell."

DANIEL.

There are, who dread a Hebrew lecture most;
To some no evil's like an *honour* lost;
Some think suspension is the greatest ill;
While others think a fine is greater still;
Suspension, Hebrew, Fine, nor loss of *part*,
Like Betty's frown can ever rend my heart.

DICKY.

To some their joy supreme Vacation brings;
To others Sleep when early pray'r bell rings;
Some in a Detur place their chief delight;
While some in drinking choose to spend the night;
Vacation, Detur, Sleep, nor midnight bowl,
Like Molly's smile could e'er enchant my soul.

DANIEL.

Say Dicky, say, in what glad soil appears
A cheese immense, the wondrous work of years;
On whose vast rind or flocks and herds may rove,
Or numerous hosts in martial order move;
Tell me but this, and freely I disclaim
The prize, and yield it to thy Molly's name.

DICKY.

Rather declare, in what more happy clime,
A marv'lous mountain rears its head sublime;
Whose sides with salt, of purest white, o'erflow,
Which far extending fills the vales below;
Declare but this, the contest I resign,
Betty unrivall'd ever shall be thine.

LEVI.

Cease to contend, for, Dicky, I decree
The cloak to Daniel, and the boots to thee.
"Blest swains! whose nymphs in ev'ry grace excel;
Blest nymphs! whose swains those graces sing so well."
Now quickly rise, to yonder Hall repair,
The bell has rung, and dinner waits you there;
The board with various dainties shall be crown'd,
And viands breathe *Calebian* odours round.

Exeunt Daniel and Dicky, preceded by Levi.

We are informed that the pen of Clarkson, which has so very ably and successfully depicted the guilt of the Slave Trade, has been employed in the vindication of that sect of Christians, commonly called Quakers. It is said, that the work is executed with great simplicity, worthy of the cause he pleads; and that the Quakers will be indebted to him for introducing their good fame in the world, in a manner which will secure to it additional respect.

—

The following, though an old story, is a good one, well told. We do not remember to have seen a more happy versification.

JACK AND THE DEACON.

Two sons of Neptune, Jack and Will,
One Sunday morn were walking,
On various subjects, this and that,
With much sang froid were talking.

Perchance as near a house of pray'r
They fearless urg'd their way,
The Deacon of the church came out,
In robes bedizen'd for the day.

He bow'd, and thus the tars address'd;
"Good sirs, why pass ye thus your time?
"Surely you'd better walk with me,
"Sport on this day is no small crime."

"With all my heart," each tar reply'd
And boldly with the man they ventur'd,
Who kindly led them to the church,
When on his course the Parson enter'd.

With prayer the solemn work begins;
A song of Zion next succeeds;
And here the Deacon, rising slow,
Gravely proclaims the Psalm, and reads;

"With HYSOP purge thy servant, Lord;"
Then tun'd aloud his vocal nose,
But luckless man, behold a tune
That suited ill the verse he chose.

Thrice he assay'd to sound the line,
And thrice he hemm'd to change his tone,
But vain, alas! prov'd each attempt,
The man now wish'd himself alone.

Jack mov'd to pity, saw his friend's distress,
Nor could he long, his summon'd feelings curb,
But rising from his seat, he loudly cry'd,
Deacon, for God's sake, try some other HERB!!!

THE POET AND THE GUINEA.

'Tis said a wild poetick ninny
Once in his travels found a guinea—
And, startled by so strange a sight,
For much he fear'd the thing would bite,
Inquir'd of every one that came
If he could tell the insect's name.
At length one, shrewder than the rest,
Thus to the Bard himself address'd :
" That insect with its yellow face,
Is deadly poison to thy race ;
Touch but its face, and soon it sends
A venom to the fingers' ends,
That, mounting swiftly to the brain,
Will give it such a yellow stain,
A stain so filthy and impure,
That nothing short of death can cure.
And after, when you strive to chime
Your thoughts, as formerly, in rhyme,
The poison in the brain will chink,
And quite destroy the Muses' clink."
The Poet, frighten'd by the knave,
Forthwith releas'd his yellow slave,
And oft complained, in mournful strain,
He never saw his face again.

Our modern *elegantes* will recognize in the following beautiful lines an accurate portrait of themselves. But how will they be astonished to learn that this allegorical personage was intended as a personification of *vice*, as drawn by a learned English bishop.

The other maid seem'd ev'n of fairer hue,
  But bold her mein, unguarded rov'd her eye ;
And her flush'd cheeks confess'd at nearer view,
  The borrow'd blushes of an artful dye.
All soft and delicate, with airy swim,
  Lightly she danc'd along ; *her robe betray'd,*
Through the clear texture, ev'ry tender limb,
  Heightening the charms it only seem'd to shade.
And as it flow'd adown so loose and thin,
Her stature show'd more tall, more snowy white her skin.
Oft as she walk'd, she view'd herself askance,
  Ev'n on her shade a conscious look she threw,
Then all around her cast a careless glance,
  To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew.

The following moral and beautiful lines, on one of the greatest natural curiosities in the United States, have a claim upon the attention of all those who take a delight in picturesque scenery, or in viewing the stupenduous works of nature. They are from the pen of the celebrated Thomas Moore. The Mohawk is a river of very considerable importance in the State of New-York. The Cohoez, or falls are three miles above its confluence with the Hudson. It is here 1000 feet wide, and precipitates its waters over a rock of about sixty feet high.

LINES,

*WRITTEN AT THE COHOEZ, OR FALLS OF THE MOHAWK RIVER.**

From rise of morn, till set of sun,
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run;
And, as I mark'd the woods of pine
Along his mirror dark' shine,
Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
Before the wizard's midnight glass;
And as I view'd the hurrying pace
With which he ran his turbid race,
Rushing alike untir'd and wild,
Thro' shades that frown'd, and flowers that smil'd,
Flying by every green recess
That woo'd him to its calm caress,
Yet sometimes turning with the wind,
As if to leave one look behind!
Oh! how I have thought, and thinking sigh'd—
How like to thee, thou restless tide!
May be the lot, the life of him,
Who roams along thy water's brim!
Through what alternate shades of wo,
And flowers of joy, my path may go!
How many a humble, still retreat,
May rise to court my weary feet,
While still pursuing, still unblest,
I wander on, nor dare to rest!
But urgent as the doom that calls
Thy water to its destined falls,
I see the worlds bewildering force
Hurry my heart's devoted course

---

* There is a dreary and savage character in the country immediately about these falls, which is much more in harmony with the wildness of such a scene, than the cultivated lands in the neighbourhood of Niagara.

The fine rainbow which is continually forming and dissolving, as the spray rises into the light of the sun, is perhaps the most interesting beauty which these wonderful cataracts exhibit.

From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
And the last current cease to run!
Oh may my fall be bright as thine!
May heaven's forgiving rainbow shine
Upon the mist that circles me,
As soft, as now it hangs o'er thee.

THE DOWNFALL OF PRUSSIA.

A DIRGE, ADAPTED TO THE MUSICK OF "*The Flowers of the Forest.*"

Oh! wo to the traitor, that dark violator,
Who gave up the brave to the sword of the foe!
Oh! curst be the naming of him whose foul framing
Our land fill'd with ruin, our hearts fill'd with wo!

See our brave soldiers dying!—our beauteous Queen flying!
Our vet'rans betray'd! wounded, bleeding, and bare!
Our fields once joy speaking, now with gallant blood reeking!
Oh! death to the traitor who caus'd our despair!

Towns, where labour once smiling, and sweet peace beguiling,
In flames of destruction now redden the air!
Soldiers' shouts wildly breaking! women moaning and shrieking,
With horrour and tears flee away in despair!

The palace once ringing with dancing and singing,
No more bears the footsteps of Beauty and Mirth!
There the victor insulting, o'er the brave dead exulting!
Nor content till the fall'n are sunk deep in the earth!

Gone the home's gentle blessing, where children caressing,
Round the table once sat, fond and smiling and gay!
Now at the meal drooping, each head with grief stooping,
Mourns the father now slain, and laid cold in the clay!

Oh! wo to the traitor, that dark violator,
Who gave up the brave to the sword of the foe!
Oh! curst be the naming of him whose foul framing,
Our land fill'd with ruin, our hearts fill'd with wo!

THE DRAMA.

THEATRE, DRURY LANE.

The tragedy of Percy was represented at this theatre last night, for the purpose principally of introducing Mrs. Whitlock (late Miss E. Kemble) in the character of Elwina, after an absence from the London boards of nearly twenty years. What impression she might have then made must be now entirely lost, so there is no room to compare her with herself. It is generally known that Mrs. Whitlock is a sister of Mrs. Siddons; and even were it not, it is impossible to hear and behold her, without being struck with a resemblance, in every respect so strong as cannot well be any other than that of sisters. To say that her powers of theatrick representation equal those of Mrs. Siddons, or that she is so eminently gifted by nature, or cultivated by art to embody the inspirations of the tragick muse, would alarm Criticism and stagger Credibility. We are not prepared to say so; but when we pronounce her talents to be of the very first order, we do them but justice, and can offend no unbiassed critick, and least of any one, Mrs. Siddons, to whose praise must redound every commendation that is bestowed on Mrs. Whitlock, who resembles her sister almost as nearly in talent and exertion as in figure and in face. Mrs. W. certainly has not the steadiness and majesty of Mrs. Siddons; neither has her lineaments and person equal symmetry, grace or rotundity. On the contrary, she is very thin in the face, and something awkward and ungainly about her neck and general carriage. But the interest she excites is too powerful to allow attention to direct itself to these minor physical defects. Her eye is full and variously expressive, and its glances are striking and vivid, though emitted from a thinner visage, and a paler complexion. In these, as in the accents of her voice, the similitude is so near, that it must often agreeably deceive both the eye and the ear. As, therefore, the powers and person of Mrs. Whitlock bear so marked an affinity to those of Mrs. Siddons, it is next to impossible to avoid comparing them together. It must obtrude itself every

moment upon the most heedless observer. We shall, however, only generally observe, that their conception of a character seems to be equally correct; in the execution, where dignity is to be represented, or terrour impressed, Mrs. Siddons stands unrivalled; where pity and the softer passions are to be infused, Mrs. Whitlock is not surpassed. We more familiarly sympathize in the feelings of the latter; by the grander bursts of the former we are terrified and over-awed. The acting of the one has more of general nature, that of the other more of occasional sublimity.

We may, therefore, in some measure apply to those two accomplished actresses, what the British Adrastus says of Dryden and Pope. We behold Mrs. Siddons with frequent astonishment; Mrs. Whitlock with perpetual delight. If we are to point out any passage of her last night's performance, it is not the more prominant ones of the piece, where every performer is ambitious of exertion, but those short and simple ones, where judgment and feeling are often most happily marked; of this description we shall for the present particularise but two—the one where Lord Raby asks—

" Should some rash man, regardless of thy fame,
And in defiance of thy marriage vows,
Presume to plead a guilty passion for thee,
What would't do?"

Elwina answered, with most impressive energy,

" What honour bids me do."

And again, when in her first interview with Percy, she hesitates to disclose her situation to him, and he impatiently exclaims, " Speak, say what art thou?" the pause that intervened, and the lowered tone in which she expressed the word " married," was given with a force and discrimination which was universally felt and universally applauded. Indeed the enthusiastick plaudits that accompanied her performance throughout, were only surpassed by those of the audience at the fall of the curtain. We never saw Elliston, or H. Siddons more happily exert themselves; but the whole attention was absorbed by the novelty of the night, which drew an overflowing house at a very early hour.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The favourable reception of my first production has induced me to make a second essay, which I send you, at the risk of having it thrown among the " *crudities* of literature;" and for the egotism I must plead a *Poetica Licentia*.

ADDRESSED TO MISS MARGARET F**.

" Mirth, with thee I mean to live."

One Summer eve, by Cynthia's light,
Attracted, I in merry plight,
Sauntered to seek my favourite grove,
Musing o'er former scenes of love:

And as by deepening thought enchained,
My honeysuckle bower I gained,
The nightingale's enchanting note
Had lulled me to a sleep remote.

Methought, while Morpheus held his sway,
And as in *partial death* I lay,
A female rose whose gladsome air
Drove from the soul's fair seat, dull Care.

Her step was as the zephyrs light,
And in fantastick form bedight,
A goblet her right hand compressed,
Which sparkled bright as Phœbus' crest.

" Thou favoured youth," she smiling said,
" Shalt win the heart of some fair maid,
At Grief's low shrine bow not the knee,
To Mirth a cheerful vot'ry be."

She said, and raised the goblet high,
A lure to my delighted eye,
" Behold," she cried, in wildest strain,
" Let this with joy infuse each vein."

Eager I snatched the antique cruse,
And quaffed, with wild delight, its juice,
My thirsty soul each drop did drain,
And to her hand returned it vain.

With transport now each scene I viewed,
Each youthful freak now seemed renewed,
The Goddess smiled, " by Fame renown'd
May all thy future life be crowned."

The magick words all fears disarm,
O'er my light soul now spreads the charm,
Now to my heart is joy instilled,
And all my thoughts with pleasure filled.

And with the fair sex, Nature's pride,
In cheery converse I'll abide,
And pass the light and dulcet hours,
In airy groves and shady bowers.

But when in "mazy dance" I seek
To lead young Margaret, my cheek
The fervour of my heart betrays,
And shows the latent spark a blaze.

For us, fair Margaret, combine
Their sweets the Rose and Eglantine,
And in fantastick windings wreathe,
To form a shady grot beneath.

Whilst thou, sweet Margaret, art a Rose,
The Queen of every flow'r that blows,
Oh! let me be the Eglantine
Which twines its sportive arms with thine.

STANLEY.

S. Hall 17. Oct.

ODE.

For The Port Folio.

Yes, Love thou ruler of the human heart,
Yes, Tyrant offspring of the Paphian Queen,
'Tis thou alone, who by thy venomed dart,
Hast caused these pangs so exquisitely keen,
But why didst thou, oh Fate severe,
Condemn this faithful heart to bear
The sum of woes, the chief of ills,
The pangs the hopeless lover feels?
Who mourns his lot with many a falling tear,
Who sighs his sorrows to the changing wind,
Changing as she, who once to him was kind,
But now who flies his love, and leaves him to despair?

Why doom to burn within my constant heart,
A passion kindled by Maria's charms?
Bereft of hope, I see a rival blest,
A rival happy in Maria's arms:
No more her fatal charms I'll view,
That first enchant and then undo;
I'll fly the lovely faithless maid,
My griefs I'll tell the silent shade,
And to the lonely rocks my wailings pour;
There will I dream of joys I cannot taste,
And in the dreary, wild, and pathless waste,
Find that tranquillity to me unknown before!

And when my weary race of life is run,
And every sting of recent wo is fled,
When droops beneath the wave my setting sun,
And Fate lets fall her veil around my head;
If then Maria, cruel maid,
Should tread the turf where low I'm laid,
Her falsehood will be all forgiv'n,
My shade will feel the wished-for heaven,
If, conscious that my grave she's wandering near,
Some latent spark of love should still survive,
Some gentle sigh should wish me still alive,
And on my lifeless head should fall compassion's tear.

S.

EPIGRAM.

ASPASIA.

Aspasia, as the ancients have confessed,
Wit, beauty, wisdom, and renown possessed;
But Venus *Improba* her homage claimed,
And for a *naughty life* this fair was famed;
The jarring tribes of Academick Greece
To crowd her levees meet in silent peace;
While from her lips some novel dogma flowed,
Conviction with her favours she bestowed,
Her school the student owned of every age,
The beardless stripling, and the greybeard sage;
E'en Socrates, to gain instruction flew,
His dear Xantippe doubtless out of view,
Blest fair! who free from philosophick strife
Would analize the dearest joys of life!
Who could to love each pupil's mind invite,
And theory and practice both unite!

The price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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